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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY *are at 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.*

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE event of the week in scientific circles has been the opening of the eightieth annual meeting of the British Association at Sheffield. Hospitably entertained by the Lord Mayor, Earl Fitzwilliam, and supported by various gentlemen of world-wide fame, experts in their different spheres of research, Professor T. G. Bonney, who now takes the distinguished position of general in this impressive and learned army in succession to Sir J. J. Thomson, chose for the theme of his address the theories of glacial action, and gave a masterly exposition of the influence of these mighty rivers of ice upon the conformation of Western Europe. His work as a theologian might seem to clash with this investigation of mountain and valley, ice, and snow; but, if we mistake not, geology and theology have been intimately related ever since it was discovered that the existence of life on this perplexing planet could not be limited to a period of a few thousand years. Any definite conclusion on these matters seems impossible in the present state of our attainments—when doctors differ, the ordinary man is at a loss to decide; but the diffusion of specialised knowledge in these annual conferences of thinkers is admirably calculated to do good. For the knowledge filters down gradually to the public, in an article here and there, and the man in the street is made to think upon things that matter.

The public is not given to thinking profusely, as a rule. People will gather by hundreds outside a police-court on the chance of catching a glimpse of a criminal; do they but see a corner of the hat, they go away happy. A large crowd waited patiently at Bow Street last Saturday for the arrival of the two persons whose movements have been recorded with an energy worthy of a better object. As the *Observer* pertinently asks, "Why?" The answer would seem to lie in a certain slight taint of morbid curiosity inherent in most people; some of us overcome it by a definite effort or overwhelm it by healthy occupation of our brains, others give it full rein and find themselves fascinated by the personality of any man who has sent a fellow-being into eternity. It is for them that a certain unappetising section of our Press caters—upon which subject we should like all our readers to see the excellent cartoon in the current issue of *Punch*.

The recent competition in the "Problem Page" of the *Westminster Gazette* dealing with the most beautiful words in three or four languages has raised quite an interesting correspondence in more than one paper; but hardly any contributor has noticed the beauty of many of our English place names. Cornwall, for instance, abounds in villages with musical titles—Luxulyan, Lostwithiel, Mevagissey, Polperro, Tregonissey, are all beautiful words. The cyclist is in the most favourable position for noting these names; the byways of Buckinghamshire give him Lillingstone Lovell and Lillingstone Darrell, two hamlets as quaint as one would expect to find them; Bedfordshire holds Newton Blossomville; Gloucestershire signposts show the way to Fretherne, Frocester, Cleeve; and every county could supply a list perhaps equally attractive. We have a peculiar desire to visit any village with a charming name, just "to see what it is like," and it would not be a bad plan for a novel holiday tour to select from the map some of the most attractive names, within a certain radius, in some hitherto unexplored district, and visit them one by one. They could not all be disappointing!

Lord Esher is much in the public eye just now as the author of two articles. He deals with the "Voluntary Principle" in the *National Review*, and the position of the late King to Germany in the columns of the forthcoming *Deutsche Revue*. Lord Esher's career has been very remarkable. Omniscience has always been his foible, and ceaseless activity an appanage somewhat regretted by the outside world. In his younger days he was a most prolific correspondent of the *Times*, and the signature "R. Baliol Brett" added a new terror to the ponderousness of the contents of a newspaper never easily assimilable. Lord Esher has always clothed himself in the best outfit of authority, instead of relying on his undoubted talents, to obtain recognition for himself. The consequence has been that where he might have met with concurrence he has created needless opposition. Lord Esher has in thirteen years attracted to himself five separate decorations, consisting altogether of sixteen letters, so that no one will be inclined to argue that a grateful country has underestimated the value of his public services. His experience of military problems, gained apparently as Honorary Colonel of the City of London Regiment, and as private secretary to Lord Hartington at the War Office for three years, naturally indicated him as an indispensable member of the Imperial Defence Committee. So much may be said of this distinguished man in his personal capacity.

It is our intention to consider Lord Esher's article in the *Deutsche Revue* when it has appeared *in extenso*. The subject of the relations between Germany and England

and their right juxtaposition in the balance of the world needs the most delicate and nicely adjusted handling. As connected for many years past with the Anglo-German Conciliation Committee, we shall weigh various considerations in no spirit of hostility to the German Empire.

Lord Esher's article on the "Voluntary System" is, of course, a confession of failure, but of failure which casts no discredit on the motives of those who were sanguine enough to believe that the Territorial system without compulsion ever contained within itself the germ of adequate success. Lord Esher appears to suggest that patriotism must in future be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence. Surely the partial success of his system goes to prove the opposite. The motives which induce one man to render service to his country will, speaking generally, operate in much the same manner on another mind. We believe that the failure of the voluntary system is to be traced to its unfairness, a sort of suspicion of its uselessness for the purpose it was designed to attain, and existing difficulties of employment, which can be solved, but only in one way—by compulsion. We do not agree that the blame can be laid at the door of the advance of democracy. We hold, however, that a system which is undemocratic in its essentials is not likely to appeal to an increasingly democratic nation. Compulsion is a democratic, and even a Socialist, principle in theory, since it would establish equality of liability to service.

We were under the impression that we had heard as a favourite Radical cry, "No taxation without representation." Until the present days of topsy-turveyism, representation was understood to mean representation in accordance with the views of the represented. The kept Labour party like logic, if anything, less than they like the Osborne judgment. Therefore, to preserve their job—a nice soft one—they wish the interpretation of representation to mean the political faith of the greatest number in an electoral area. The minority whose views are misrepresented are forsooth to be forced to contribute outdoor relief to the spouters who in some way or other get themselves returned to Parliament. We have not spent a considerable time in mining areas in the North of England without learning something, and we feel not only justified but compelled to offer a strong plea on behalf of those amongst the miners who would like to claim political freedom. A strong agitation is to be commenced to force Parliament to reverse the law as laid down in the Osborne case, in order that Labour members who adorn with their presence the House of Commons should be paid for misrepresenting a large body of opinion in their constituencies. Extortion such as this never occurred even to the fertile and resourceful minds of the Tudor monarchs. Their system of forced taxation, entitled euphoniously benevolences, never approached in tyranny and barbarity the suggestion of sleek and hypocritical Labour "leaders."

The death last week, at the age of sixty-eight, of William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, takes from us one of the finest psychologists and students of the human identity that recent years have seen. By the mass of people his loss will not be noticed—to them his name was hardly known; but for men who do the hard thinking of the world, to whom problems of personality, of motive and mind in action, are of an import exceeding that of commercial speculation or monetary processes, a friend has gone whose work was of the highest significance. His sphere, that of grave investigation, of patient philosophic inquiry, did not apparently lend itself to ease of exploitation or to the buoyant, enlivening phrase, but all readers of Professor James's books know well how often a genial laughter sounded subtle undertones beneath the austerities of closely constructed arguments. His "Pragmatism and Common Sense," a treatise from which we quoted in these columns but a week or two ago, is permeated by this fine spirit—a spirit of humour far removed from levity; indeed, antagonistic to it.

No subject, however abstruse, could be "dry" when illuminated by the conceptions of so able an exponent. One of his simpler volumes, "Talks to Teachers on Psychology and to Students on some of Life's Ideals," has passed through many editions since it was first published exactly eleven years ago, and is noted for its clearness of expression—an attribute after which the author continually strove. "Teachers, of course, will miss the minute divisions, sub-divisions, and definitions," he writes, "the lettered and numbered headings, the variations of type, and all the other mechanical artifices on which they are accustomed to prop their minds. But my main desire has been to make them conceive, and, if possible, reproduce sympathetically in their imagination, the mental life of their pupil as the sort of active unity which he himself feels it to be. *He* does not chop himself into distinct processes and compartments; and it would have frustrated this deeper purpose of my book to make it look, when printed, like a Baedeker's handbook of travel or a text-book of arithmetic." Some of his wise sayings are worth recalling. "Habits are the stuff of which behaviour consists." "The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way." "Just as a bicycle chain may be too tight, so may one's carefulness and conscientiousness be so tense as to hinder the running of one's mind." "Habit is the enormous flywheel of society, its most precious conservative agent." "In some men theory is a passion, just as music is in others."

Professor James's idea of essential truth, as a pragmatist, did not meet with too warm a favour at the hands of his critics, and only last year he gathered into one explanatory volume most of his essays on the theme, entitling it "The Meaning of Truth." Had he lived a few years longer he might have seen his views widely accepted, for he was deeply enthusiastic on this urgent philosophic question, albeit open to correction when his sense of fairness showed him that he had been guilty of an error. Other works have become familiar to English readers—"Varieties of Religious Experience" is perhaps one of the best known—and acute reasoners such as Professors Harry Jones, Hugo Munsterberg, Heath Bawden, and many others are frequently constrained to quote the opinions of their great co-worker. An excellent volume of "Essays Philosophical and Psychological," written "in honour of William James, Professor in Harvard University," was issued in 1908 "by his colleagues at Columbia University." In France, Denmark, Italy, Germany, his work has been acclaimed and honours have been awarded to him. It will not be easy to find such another acute and refined thinker, or one so capable of explaining philosophic complexities, and the sympathy of all lovers of the best things—things of the noblest worth, whether in art, science, or literature—will be extended to the distinguished novelist who has made his home among us—as great a psychologist and philosopher in his chosen province as was his brother at Harvard. What we owe, ultimately, to metaphysicians of the calibre of Professor William James cannot be estimated. Their books work silently for them, forming characters, determining careers, and inspiring thoughtful men and women in countries the whole wide world over.

LOVE AND FOLLY

Folly sat at her ease
Up among the tree-tops,
Swaying in the breeze;
Love, in the meadowlands below,
Crooning her soft, sweet songs
Moved to and fro.

Folly, pert and proud,
As her fickle glance espied her,
Laughed aloud,
While she watched the mountain loom
Threatening and stern amid
The gathering gloom.

Folly shrieked with glee
As the loosened storm leapt down
In majesty,
And she clapped her wanton hands
To hear Love weeping in
Her meadowlands.

Folly, proud and pert,
Turned her mocking laughter
To her own desert;
For the greedy storm, pell mell,
Came hurtling through her grove—
And down she fell.

Folly, silent now,
'Mid the leafy wreck of branches
Lay below;
Love, from her fair fields' bane,
Smiled through her tears, and sobbed,
And sang again.

P. J. F.

ALMS FOR OBLIVION

Take and be thankful, careless Time,
These weeds we took for palms sublime.
Take every once applauded deed,
Success that never did succeed,
Kindness that only lived in thought,
Unlovely Duty's hard "I ought,"
Joy that by luck was once befriended
And pined away when fortune ended;
Take them, but take not all, for yet
Thou canst not take nor I forget
My love's imperishable vow
Shrined in an everlasting Now;
This joy thy teeth shall never press
O carrion-fed forgetfulness;
If nothing else thy maw may fill,
Starve, then, and be a beggar still.

G. K.

A FURTHER REFLECTION ON SOCIALISM

Why all this fuss about the comic people who are taking themselves seriously in Copenhagen? They have not much idea what they are talking about. So long as they talk, and fondly believe someone is listening, it does not matter that few of them individually know what his neighbour means by Socialism. Mr. Wells has given a definition which is just as good as any other. "Socialism is got up by agitators. They get money out of young gabies like you, and they spend it on champagne." We do not think they do anything one-half so sensible. We think they spend fools' contributions in spreading the light—and such a light! It is a curious reflection that Socialism in its infancy was essentially individualistic. The doctrine would not brook interference from outside. Each man was to be a law unto himself. His opinions on religion, morality, and government were to be pontifical. It was a foolish theory, but not a dishonest one. It magnified insignificance into pretentious importance. It was lunacy, but comparatively harmless lunacy.

Where is now the individualistic basis? The modern Socialist has discovered a creed which is far more attractive, because it offers nice opportunities of personal advantage. Collectivism! Yes, that smacks of secret commissions and bloated salaries—for doing nothing useful. An enlightened creed, not founded too rigidly on political economy, but quite suited to the habits of those who are its professors. Police courts would go; that would consummate the attainment of a cherished object. "Each for all, and all for each" is delightful in theory, but in practice it means a return to the primordial law of the biceps.

We may perhaps on another occasion trace the extremely diverting evolution of Socialist doctrine. It is an amusement which would be a labour of love. Nothing is so interesting as the study of human folly, albeit a sinister design lurks beneath obvious folly. We are not, however, at present quite sure whether our readers would enjoy the dissection of a solemn farce. A farce ought to gallop along. The history of Socialism displays a long series of dodging and hedging, and you cannot make a good plot out of the ramblings of the lunatic asylum.

German and Russian thinkers will start any sort of school. It is their stock-in-trade. They know the mental calibre of large numbers of their customers, and they cater for them accordingly. Socialism of the present day, as opposed to theoretical Socialism of the past, does not need many words to describe it. *C'est le vol.*

SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

VII.—SWINBURNE.

The situation in which some of the critics found themselves when in the year 1866 a volume under the modest and pacific title of "Poems and Ballads" appeared, savoured of the tragic; but it had also its amusing aspect. To Tennyson the wiseacres could nod in benevolent approval—he was melodious and moral, and fairly easy to understand; the jolt that Browning gave to their susceptibilities had been safely cushioned by the blessed word "obscurity"; there was nothing in the works of either of these poets to prepare the placid surveyors of Parnassus for one so passionately in love with love and life as Swinburne. Here was a rebel who refused to conform to their

settled ideas as to poetics, who played with their mother-tongue in a new and astonishing manner, for whom a fresh standard had evidently to be constructed, since he was by no means a negligible quantity; therefore they gasped, while the young men—and some of the maidens—adored. What wonder that after the allusive love-lyrics of other poets stanzas so definitely erotic as this should cause something of a shock?—

Thy sweet, low bosom, thy close hair,
  Thy strait, soft flanks and slenderer feet,
Thy virginal strange air,
Are these not over fair
  For love to greet?

Mine arms are close about thine head,
  My lips are fervent on thy face,
And where my kiss hath fed
Thy flower-like blood leaps red
  To the kissed place.

Lowell, in America, wrote sceptically: "Are we really, then, to believe the newspapers for once, and to doff our critical nightcaps, in which we have comfortably overslept many similar rumours and false alarms, to welcome the advent of a new poet?" He doubted greatly the voice of the man whom some had quickly recognised as a force to be reckoned with; but that voice was to ring more loudly, more enchantingly still, in the near future. It is hardly too much to say that, allowing for use, those sensations of freshness and surprise perpetuate themselves at the present time. We can never quite lose the novelty—even though we may be able to recite it unerringly—of that tremendous chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon," of "Dolores," of the "Ballad of Burdens." We may have felt over and over again the sad, dreamy undertones of the "Garden of Proserpine," the superb earth-worship of "A Nympholept," the feverish abandonment of "Anactoria," the purity and quaintness of "A Christmas Carol," but there still dawns some faint, fine sense with the reading as of the fragrance of an exotic plant set among more familiar blooms which give pleasure without strangeness. Such mysterious mastery of rhythm and diverse cadence enthrals us anew every time we hear it, whether we listen to a reader's voice or find the printed words creating echoes in our brain. Perhaps few persons who say easily that they are "fond of poetry" realise how much of their enjoyment is due to the rhythm alone. "It often makes people positively angry," says Professor Saintsbury, "to be told that the greatest part, if not the whole, of the pleasure-giving appeal of poetry lies in its sound rather than in its sense, or, to speak with extreme exactness, in the manner in which the sound conveys the sense." We discover in the work of Swinburne the antithesis of Matthew Arnold's favourite dictum that "all depends on the subject"; here much—not all—of the effect is due to the treatment, as distinct from the theme, and although this could be stated broadly of any writer, whether he be poet or not, it is true with especial pertinence of Swinburne.

"Atalanta," which appeared in 1864 but did not create such a stir as the "Poems and Ballads," was patronised curiously by Lowell. "It shows that poverty of thought and profusion of imagery which are at once the defect and the compensation of all youthful poetry," he wrote. "But it is hopefully distinguished from most early attempts by a sense of form and proportion, which, if seconded by a seasonable ripening of other faculties, as we may fairly expect, gives promise of rare achievement hereafter." Then, after an interlude of praise, he doubts "whether 'Atalanta' can be called a success"! The poem and its most famous chorus, "Before the beginning of years," have been quoted so frequently that it may be preferable in this brief *aperçu* to take one or two less well-known examples of Swinburne's magical command of movement and sound. Two stanzas from "The Triumph of Time" will illustrate it, for a wonder without that dissyllabic rhyming at which the poet was such an adept:—

O fair, green-girdled mother of mine,
  Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong like wine,
  Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure, cold, populous graves of thine
  Wrought without hands in a world without stain. . . .

This woven raiment of nights and days,
  Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
  Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
  A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

As a contrast, in a simpler strain, the second stanza of "Rococo" recalls the purity of Christina Rossetti's perfect little song, "When I am dead, my dearest":—

We twain once well in sunder
  What will the mad gods do
For hate with me, I wonder,
  Or what for love with you?
Forget them till November,
  And dream there's April yet;
Forget that I remember,
  And dream that I forget.

Swinburne extolled the "bird-like rapture" of Victor Hugo's love-song, "Viens, sois tendre, je suis ivre"; in his own "Madonna Mia" he gave us one of the finest love-lyrics of the time. It is impossible to quote it in full, but we should like those who have already marked it as a favourite to note the quality of the appeal it makes to them: to read first "Laus Veneris" and then this. One is passion at its fiercest, the other love at its purest; the contrast is arresting. That it is practicable to use the gentlest of language without becoming insipid, to enshrine virginal sweetness in words no less perfectly than burning desire and body-greed, to compose a love-poem without the aid of those "sad red heavy roses" and "limbs too delicious for death" and "lips intertwisted" and "kisses that bruise" with which some of us think Swinburne was rather too prodigal, any stanza of "Madonna Mia" will amply prove. The fourth, sixth, and last, perhaps, suffer least from segregation:—

Beneath her eyelids deep
Love lying seems asleep,
Love, swift to wake, to weep,
  To laugh, to gaze;
Her breasts are like white birds,
And all her gracious words
As water-grass to herds
  In the June days.

She grows with greenest leaves,
Ripens with reddest sheaves,
Forgets, remembers, grieves,
  And is not sad;

The quiet lands and skies
Leave light upon her eyes;
None knows her, weak or wise,
Or tired or glad.

Under deep apple-boughs
My lady hath her house;
She wears upon her brows
The flower thereof;
All saying but what God saith
To her is as vain breath;
She is more strong than death,
Being strong as love.

Turning to the blank verse, we may give one brief example from the early tragedy of "Rosamund"—Hildegarde's passionate outburst, tortured from her by the cruel badinage of the Queen; not because it represents the author at his best, but because it lends itself more easily to separation from the context than other passages that might be named. The magnificent speeches in "Atalanta," for instance, cannot be torn from the glorious pattern of the book.

ROSAMUND.
Speak: let not shame find place where shame is none.

HILDEGARDE.
I will not: King and Queen and God shall hear.
I love him as our songs of old time say
Men have been loved of women akin to gods
By blood as they by spirit, albeit in me
Nought lives that woman or man or God could say
Were worth his love, if mine by grace of love
Be found not all unworthy. Mine am I
No more: mine own in no wise now, but his
To save or slay, to cherish or cast out,
Crown and discrown, abase and comfort. Shame
Were more to me than honour if his will
It were that shame should clothe me round, and life
Were the only death left fearful if he bade me
Die. Could his love be turned from me, and set
On one less loving but more fair than I,
A thrall more base than treason, or a queen
Too high for shame to brand her shameful, even
Though sin had stamped and signed her foul as fraud
And loathsome as a masked adulterous lie,
Hers would I make him if I might, and yield
To her, the hatefullest of hell-born things,
The man found lovelier by my love than heaven.

Those who have read "Chastelard"—a play which Lowell termed "the school exercise of a young poet learning to write," and which was "conceived and partly written by a youngster not yet emancipated from servitude to college rule," to quote its author's own criticism, are impressed more forcibly by the beauty of the French and English lyrics with which it is relieved than by any great qualities in the tragedy itself. "Between the sunset and the sea" is an imperishable *chanson*, the quick, fluent motion of which is a revelation in the potency of simple language; nearly every word is of one syllable. That the English tongue is exceptionally rich in effective single-syllabled words is a fact which many writers of the present day might well take to heart. In "Chastelard" occurs one remarkable slip from grace in the supposed blank-verse line, "Of how the swallow got a wing broken."

We have already remarked in a previous article how Tennyson loved the dawn and repeatedly described it under manifold aspects. A parallel to this is Swinburne's intense love for the sea, and to some extent the characteristics of the two poets are thus appositely illustrated: the one languid, on the whole rather solemn and sweet; the other restless, passionate, full of rhythmic movement, at times stormy, at times lulled to slumberous, muffled thunders. Constantly does Swinburne take his metaphors from the sea. In that deliberate prelude to the "Songs Before Sunrise" we find the sound of it investing a stanza which comes near to being a confession of faith:—

Save his own soul's light overhead
None leads him, and none ever led
Across birth's hidden harbour-bar,
Past youth where shoreward shallows are,
Through age that drives on toward the red
Vast void of sunset hailed from far,
To the equal waters of the dead;
Save his own soul he hath no star,
And sinks, except his own soul guide,
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

"A Forsaken Garden," "A Swimmer's Dream," the roundel, "In a Guernsey Bay," "Off Shore"—these, and a score of other poems, recur to memory as witness to that one-ness with the ocean which seemed so inseparable from Swinburne's life and thought. In so many words he admits it:—

"The sea-wind and the sea
Made all my soul in me
A song for ever."

The political poems make comparatively small appeal to us; propagandism and poetry are as a rule as irreconcilable as the curve of the asymptote. The addition of a "cause" to be advanced seems to render poetry either feverish or laboured, to give it strength—ferocity even—at the expense of beauty and music; the two things are antagonistic and immiscible. There are notable exceptions, such as Milton's sonnet on "Piedmont," with its superb invocation already quoted; but an unwritten law exists, to which this and a few other great poems are not amenable, that melody and comeliness and art diminish when poetry is made the vehicle for red-hot partisanship or used as the sling for a politician's stone. The exploitation of literary ballistics should be relegated, save on the rarest occasions, to prose. When Swinburne had a definite personal or polemical theme the true poetic fire seemed to desert him; his immoderate acclamation of Victor Hugo, for example, led him into incoherence, into victories of riotous sound over sense.

It is a difficult matter to disentangle any positive belief or theory of life from the confused mass of ornate, decorative poetry in these wonderful volumes; its elaborateness, the consciousness we cannot avoid that often the author was revelling in a new, fascinating rhythm, constructing "mastodons of metre," rather than setting down his ideas, complicates the task. Those terrible stanzas, "Before a Crucifix," seem to suggest a desperate contempt for Christianity and its followers, but they must not be taken alone, or too literally, as representing the definite trend of the poet's mind. In other parts of his work we find a tentative admiration for the central figure of the Christian faith, and lines which might have been written by Browning—"Still there clings the old question: Will not God do right?" Exploring farther, we discover that emotion, experience, freedom—

The earth-soul Freedom, that only
Lives, and that only is God,

are the ideals deemed most worthy of praise. Swinburne's soul was shaken by great winds, spiritually homeless, driven insatiably here and there in an intense desire to live fully, to find "whatever gods there be." At one moment he is a Pantheist; at another, man carries within himself the only divinity—"Glory to man in the highest." If his mind had a true resting-place, it was that of a kind of hopeless content—the shrouded joy of the grey "Garden of Proserpine"; undertones of this mood of sorrowful acquiescence can be heard beneath the rushing music of many of his fiercest, finest poems. To call this "paganism" seems to us an error; refusal to worship scarcely constitutes a pagan, especially in the presence of certain tendencies to mysticism. It is easy to find a title—it is not so easy to make it fit.

There is no need to strain the resources of definition in an attempt to sum up in a sentence poems which admit of many varying interpretations; we have the glorious songs themselves, imperishable memories of the singer who so recently went from us. Whatever we think of their ardour, their frequent vehement expression of physical passion (but what poetry would be left to the world did we delete all that disagreed with the Puritan?) we can hear again and again their inimitable harmonies, and marvel at a luxuriance of language, a mastery of rhythm and measure, that conceivably will never be equalled.

ASSOCIATION IN SCENERY

In the opinion of the ancients, every stream, and mountain, and tree had its own particular spirit, or, at least, every force of nature was the expression of the will of some deity. Later, science stepped in with its teaching as to causes and forces, and modern religion being for the most part monotheistic, nothing supernatural is left in nature but its origin, and the stream, the mountain, and the tree become parts only of "the abstract expression of the observed order." To the imaginative it may seem that in the lines,

"The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,"

the poet "does indeed give the essence of a moonlight sky more truthfully in its relation to the human spirit than any mere meteorologist can do"; but the modern tendency is to think such animism or personification of nature as fanciful nonsense. A lecturer on English literature once argued that the suggestion in the lines,

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!"

was quite inadmissible, for, as Nature cannot feel for human sorrow, the sea was just as likely to be peacefully lapping a stretch of golden sand on the day when the heart was aching for the dead as it was to be breaking on cold gray rocks. Such a view loses sight of the fact that all that is supernatural, as well as all that is beautiful, must necessarily be subjective, inasmuch as spiritual things cannot express themselves absolutely in bodily form, nor, in fact, in bodily form at all, except through the aid of the eye of faith. To the heartbroken it is quite conceivable that the sea might appear to break on cold gray stones. To the peaceful it might easily seem that

"Yon star upon the mountain top
Is listening quietly."

But beyond such an obvious and material idea of the sympathy between nature and man there is, of course, an essential connection, actually sacramental, between the outward form in nature and the hidden spirit. In its simplest sense everyone would agree that a flower or a rainbow or a sunset are types of beauty, and that they have a meaning beyond their use. To a man of the poet Blake's temperament, the outward creation was ever but a symbol—in fact, he declared, "I assert for myself that I do not behold that outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance, and not action, and it is as the dirt upon my feet, no part of me." Though we do not all hear the Sons of God shouting for joy each time the sun rises, yet most people allow that there is an essential connection between the beautiful and the good, between the perfect in form and the true in idea. Blake goes further:—

"Thou seest the trees on mountains,
The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksome sky,
Uttering prophecies and speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men. These are the sons of Los! These the visions of eternity,
But we see only, as it were, the hem of their garments
When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous visions,
And every natural effect has a spiritual cause, and not a natural,
For a natural cause only seems: it is a delusion."

To the ordinary being with "vegetable eyes" the last four words of this quotation will alone seem to contain sense, for to such this view of life seems to prove Blake a madman. Let it be so. Let us grant that natural scenery is neither animated by spirits, nor the expression of the will of the spiritual world, that it cannot feel with man in different moods, except in so far as imagination supplies the appearance of sympathy, that it has no voice with which to speak, and that the stream, and the mountain, and the tree can only be truly described in the scientific language of hydrostatics, geology, or botany.

One explanation alone remains for the universal belief, common alike to all ages and in all countries, that there is an essential connection between man and his surroundings. This explanation is given in its lowest and most material form by R. H. Benson in one of his books, "The Light Invisible." He tells a story of how one of the murderers of Becket is heard by someone making his confession exactly as he had done on that very spot 700 years before. Mr. Benson argues that human emotion may have a power of influencing or saturating inanimate nature, and quotes the example of a phonograph as "a very coarse parallel." The violent passions of this poor murderer, 700 years ago, may have made such a potent spiritual fluid that it bit so deep into the very place where it was poured out that under certain circumstances it is reproduced. Such is the theory, and it is material enough to please most scientists. It does not seem necessary for the acceptance of this theory to do more than extend the now thoroughly established belief as to mental telepathy to dimensions of indefinite time as well as of space. It seems to be allowed by scientists that a man in India, for instance, can by his unconscious mental effort of brain waves, or whatever one may choose to call it, affect the mind or the brain waves of another person in Europe. This is merely a species of mental wireless telegraphy. By extending this action of brain waves through 700 years instead of 7,000 miles, the story of Becket's murderer and most ghost stories become easy of scientific explanation. The dead man need not be actually there; the only thing necessary is for his brain waves to have been of sufficient strength to keep their power through seven centuries, and for the brain of the recipient to be in a fit state to be affected by them. The same state of correspondence between transmitter and receiver is necessary in the messages of telegraph, telephone, and wireless telegraphy.

Now here at last is a scientific explanation of the psychology of places. There is, of course, an association in scenery which is quite simple—certain houses or rooms in a house are associated in our minds with a certain person, and even in the absence of that person they have a certain effect, and even had it been unknown to whom they belonged, the same effect would have been created, by the arrangement of furniture and the very colour of the walls and window-hangings, which reproduce certain characteristics of that person. In the same way a church reflects the character of the one who officiates there, a garden the one who cares for it. Such simple explanations, however, do not account for the extraordinary feeling of attachment or repulsion which is often felt for a new place, sometimes even for a whole district.

The village of Eyam, in North Derbyshire, is full of association; about the place there seems to linger the shadow of a woe, the strength of a sorrow rightly endured, and therefore without despair. It is possible that other villages which attract or repel may also have their now forgotten histories to account for their effect upon the mind. On the last Sunday in August a service is held in Cucklet Dell to commemorate the heroism of the

Rector of Eyam, William Mompesson, and his parishioners. As is well known, when the village was attacked by the Plague in 1665-6, they chose to stay and risk annihilation, and drew a cordon round the village which none might pass, instead of flying to safety and risking spreading the disease. Cucklet Dell is the very spot where in the summer of 1666 Mompesson held service on Sundays and twice in the week, both church and churchyard being closed for fear of infection. Here is a case of association. But the only true test of its reality would be to take some stranger unacquainted with its history to the village, and without pointing out the plague graves scattered about among the houses, to see if the place in any way seemed to reflect the spirit of its history. But if there is really no essential connection between the village and its associations, it seems difficult to account for its strange fascination. There is, of course, the ordinary ghost story that Catherine Mompesson, the Rector's wife, who died of the plague, walks up and down the stairs at the Rectory on the night of August 26, the day on which she was buried, but that is too crude to be of any service; moreover, there is no authentic account of her ever having been seen.

Far more to the point is the psychological effect of Riley Hill, a place half a mile from the village. To most people its sadness is almost too intolerable to be borne. Here in August, 1666, so the terrible story tells, were buried Elizabeth, John, Oner, William, Alice, Ann, and John, sen., the husband and children of Mrs. Hancock, all of whom died of the plague. With her own hands, so tradition says, the woman buried every one of those dear to her, and was left alone in the farm on the hillside. Unable to endure the solitude, she escaped to the only surviving son, who was living near Sheffield. The farmhouse fell into ruins, and not a stone now remains to show its site. One thing alone is there, a broken, bent tree, which stands, so deformed and black against the sky, it can scarcely be called living. Behind there is rough scrub and moorland; in front a smooth expanse of green field only broken by the small stone-wall enclosure in which are the seven graves. Across the valley is a view of Stoney Middleton, from whence the villagers watched the woman drag each burden from farm to grave; down below are the River Derwent and Chatsworth Woods, and behind them ragged Froggatt Edge. Riley is desolate peace, the embodiment of a stifled cry of despair, the very essence of the hopeless bravery which could make possible the work of Mrs. Hancock. She did it because she *must*. To suffer for someone may be pleasure, to tend them may be gain, but to drag to the grave with one's own hands the bodies of those who made life worth living is to suffer the intolerable pain of anguish endured without hope of compensation. Such anguish must surely leave some impression on the face of nature. Such, anyhow, is the apparent effect of the place on those to whom the association is known, and there is no need to imagine that such a psychological effect need be unreal if the theory of the transference of brain waves be correct.

Turner's landscapes are only another exposition of the same idea. To the materialistic they have ever seemed absurd. But as interpreted by Ruskin, they have been accepted by the modern art world. The association between music and emotions, between the sense of smell and that of memory, the sudden vision of certain scenes involuntarily recalled to the mind's eye by some action of the subconscious self—all these bear out the same theory. There is some element in our consciousness of a nature akin to electricity which we have not even begun to understand. The Eastern magician, the wise woman, the mediæval witch, the modern crystal gazer or spiritualist, the thought-reader, the possessor of second sight, the psychologist, all lay claim to special knowledge, but it is doubtful whether the poet is not as near the truth when he says, "I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, not with it." Blake did not despise the senses, but he kept these inlets of the soul in their proper place, as the indirect and not the direct means of knowledge. Every poet has felt the same sensations, though he has not always expressed them so strongly as to be considered a mad man. The story is told that Shelley at one time, coming to "the mention of an ordinary country view which he had seen of his own in past time," was obliged to leave off what he was doing, overcome with horror. Mrs. Shelley said she remembered his coming to her pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions excited.

Obviously all mention of the effect of the merely beautiful in landscape has here been avoided. Beauty in itself has nothing to do with the association of scenery. It has rather been our aim to suggest that the psychological in landscape may be the direct outcome of the soul of man, and of God, too, if such expressions may be allowed. Whether the action of brain waves on matter is the term used, or whether we speak of the spiritual effect of the eternal and divine on material things, does not affect the point, provided that it is allowed that man and nature are inter-dependent one on the other, and that as he lives, feels, and acts, so is the actual psychological effect of the scenery created. If it were possible to carry them out, it would be very interesting to test the truth of this supposition by experiments. Such experiments, however, seem almost out of the range of possibility. In the meantime the joys of the world remain, and peace abounds in the valleys, and terror in the mountains, without the scientist being able to explain why it is so. Some of us are happy in the belief that these things are outward signs of a spiritual world very near to us.

A POET-EMPEROR AND HIS "FLORAL GAMES"

Although history chronicles the names of many rulers endowed with literary ability, the number of those who are known to have courted the poetic Muse is relatively inconsiderable, and of only a few of them can it be said that they produced work rising above mediocrity. Our Alfred, our Elizabeth, and our first James essayed their skill in the gentle art of poesy, but it was with very indifferent success. No word of commendation can be accorded to the more or less ribald verses imputed to Charles II., and, on the whole, the *bagage poétique* of England's Sovereigns has been very slight indeed. To find a British royal poet of some mark one must turn to Scotland, whose first James certainly occupies a noteworthy position among poet-kings. The old French Sovereigns and the princes and princesses of their house appear to have trifled with the Muse more frequently; but while Charles of Orleans was undoubtedly a real poet, there was little if any merit in the versified effusions of Francis I. and his sister, Margaret of Angoulême. As for Henry IV. and his father, Anthony of Vendôme, they would take high rank were it true that they composed the songs commonly ascribed to them; but that is doubtful. Charles IX.—the Charles of the St. Bartholomew—certainly wrote verse, but one may well question whether he actually penned the famous lines which he is said to have addressed to Ronsard, and which have been called "the best ever attributed to any King." Of other French monarchs, we know that Louis XIV. attempted versification in his younger days; and Louis XVIII. translated some of the odes of Horace, and also calmly allowed a number of anonymous pieces to be ascribed to him. Other countries have produced royal and princely poets and poetasters, the worst and most conspicuous of the latter being, probably, Frederick the Great. It would be astonishing if his descendant, the present Kaiser, did not claim to possess poetic gifts; but, broadly speaking, Europe, we think, can nowadays boast of only one genuine royal poet, "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania.

Far away, it is otherwise. In the Land of the Rising Sun is found a monarch who constantly courts the Muse;

and it is not one of the least curious circumstances attending Japan's wonderful advance to the position of a world-Power, her assimilation of practical Western methods and ideas, and her great achievements in war by land and sea, that all this has occurred under the sway of a Poet-Emperor. One must remember, however, that in cultivating and patronising poetry, his Majesty the Mikado Mutsuhito is only following the traditions of his ancestors. Verses written more than 2,500 years ago by Jimmu, the very first Mikado, are still extant; and Jimmu's successors often essayed their skill in the poetic art besides promoting the issue of anthologies and other collections of poems, beginning with the twenty volumes of the famous *Manyoshu*, which include nearly 5,000 pieces composed by various poets from the fourth to the eighth century of our era. Under the earlier Sovereigns of Japan there were frequent poetical competitions organised by the Court on much the same lines as the "Floral Games" of the French troubadours. Several years ago these competitions were revived by the present Mikado, and they now flourish in a manner which shows that Japan still cultivates poetry, however great and numerous may be her other activities.

In all the land of Nippon there is probably no more zealous versifier than the Emperor himself. We have to accept the statements of Japanese writers that his compositions often indicate the possession of a high poetic faculty. That they should be of unequal merit is not surprising, for their name is legion, and in literature, at all events, a large output is seldom consistent with sound workmanship. It is computed that in nine years the Emperor has produced no fewer than 27,000 pieces, mostly short ones, but giving a total of 162,000 lines. His themes are various, but in his writings he is less concerned with deeds of valour and the glory and progress of his Empire than with the simple truths of life and the eternal beauties of nature. He has often participated in the national competition which takes place once a year, and at times he personally selects the subject which is to be treated. This is usually announced in the month of November, and the verses of the competitors have to reach the Ministry of the Imperial Household by the 10th of January. In 1909 the chosen subject was "The Pine Tree in the Snow," and it appears that no fewer than 25,408 pieces were submitted for the national prize. It is certainly true that these pieces were invariably very brief, each consisting simply of one verse (sometimes called *tanta* and sometimes *uta*), limited to thirty-one syllables, which are distributed over five lines, the first and third line having five, and the second, fourth, and fifth, seven syllables each. Nevertheless, it takes the Masters-in-Poetry of the Imperial Court a considerable time to adjudicate upon 25,000 compositions of this character, particularly as the examinations are conducted with extreme care. When all the poems submitted in 1909 had been inspected, after the process of "weeding out" according to the relative merits of the compositions, Baron Takahaski, President of the Poetry Office, and his colleague, Prince Nijo, found seven superior to all the others, and resolved to submit them to the Emperor for his supreme decision.

It was, of course, inevitable that there should be many called and few chosen; but although the bulk of the effusions submitted to the Board of Readers may have been of little or only average merit, their great number at least shows how widespread is the interest which the Japanese still take in poetry. The subject chosen for the competition of 1910 was "The New Year's Snow"; and again many thousands of competitors, young and old, eagerly entered the lists, and are now anxiously awaiting the award, which is generally regarded as a decree of immortality. To observe a national poetry competition in Europe we have to turn to France, and in that country there is no such concourse of competitors as in Japan. This year the French prize—which takes the form of a *bourse de voyage* amounting to £120—has been awarded to M. Maurice Levaillant for a volume of verse entitled "Le Temple intérieur." Many English critics will doubtless be able to express an opinion on that work, though for most of them the poems of the Emperor of Japan may well remain a sealed book. The members of the Stockholm Academy will certainly have to familiarise themselves with the Japanese language if, as has been suggested, the works of his Majesty Mutsuhito are to be submitted to them for the Nobel Prize. In that case we dread to think of what will be said by those who, as yet, are only made nervous by thoughts of the Yellow Peril.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET: MAN AND ARTIST

I.—THE MAN.

It is said that a reaction has been setting in against Millet and his art-influence in France. It may be so. If there be human beings of whom it can be truthfully asserted that they are anachronisms, like, for instance, Napoleon I., the same can be asserted of the great master, Millet. One has to go back to Nicholas Poussin, whom he so much loved, and with whom he has so much in common, to find his nearest ancestor. The reaction, then, which, significantly enough, is hardly perceptible in America or in England, is against an influence more or less alien to modern France so far as it is represented by the Ville-Lumière. Doubtless, the very high prices that have been given for his works, even the smallest, have contributed to swing the pendulum of fame in an opposite direction. Nevertheless, be it said that Millet's influence on art of every kind is permanent. It is too important, too radical, too fundamental, in a word too Greek in principle, to fade away and die, any more than the influence of the masters he worshipped in art and literature: Poussin, Michelangelo, Mantegna, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, the Primitives, Theocritus, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Victor Hugo. It is by delving deep into first principles, and by combining the spirit of the Parthenon frieze, which he had always before him, hung up in his studio, with the spirit underlying the task, say, of an oxherd driving his kine before him—Millet's own illustration—that he has assured himself a seat among the immortals.

The man who, in spite of mocking Paris, where he was nicknamed "The Wild Man of the Woods," could achieve such work, must needs have been, and was, an extraordinary personality. Not otherwise could he have excited around him such storms of disapproval, even hatred, and such thunders of exultant applause. What manner of man or demigod was this? Imagine a man above middle height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, obviously powerful; on the top of those shoulders a great bull-neck, surmounted by a magnificently modelled head. Around it a bush of long black hair. A long face; a long, thin, straight nose with the dilated nostrils indicative of lung-energy; lurking beneath an easily surmisable square, resolute jaw, with lips firmly shut; cheeks rather full, heralding the stoutness of later years; deep blue eyes, with a slightly greyish tint, not large, not small, but adequate. Under his dark brows, inclined to be frowning when not perfectly calm and at peace, the expression was stern, penetrating, concentrated, determined. A finely shaped forehead, remarkable in the respect that, where it usually recedes, in his instance there is a continuation of the perpendicular line. It is the face and the body of a man of power, a thinker, and an artist. The words "a complete man," the Aristotelian τετράγωνος ἀνήρ, are to be read in that face; he is a striking and important instance of bodily and mental vigour going hand in hand. On the highest plane these qualities must of necessity be inseparable. It is as impossible to conceive Plato as other than a strong, broad-shouldered man—whence his name—as it would be impossible to conceive Michelangelo as deformed.

By his father, who had beautiful hands, despite his hard work in the fields, and an innate instinct for music, art, and beautiful landscape, Millet was early initiated into admiration for the wonders and splendours of the Norman scenes in which he was born. From his mother, a daughter of a once wealthy yeoman family, he inherited an additional refinement, whilst, most vital of influences, the vigorous character of his grandmother impressed upon him constantly throughout his life the necessity of living on a high level of thought and religious feeling. Millet was always intensely religious; many of his pictures of peasant life might, with the smallest alteration, be taken for Biblical; he was steeped in religion as a force directing his daily and hourly work; but he was by no means religious in the sense of austerity. It was simply a natural instinct, which had grown with his growth. Taken together with his instinct for the Greeks, for Michelangelo, for Poussin, for classical perfection, it immeasurably enlarged and ennobled his work. With this unobtrusive, yet pervasive, religiousness was joined an intense love of family and of his own countryside. "Oh! encore un coup," he cries in one of his intimate letters to Sensier, "comme je suis de mon endroit!" And from his pictures and drawings his family and his beloved countryside are so well known to us in every detail that a visit to his natal Gruchy is like walking among his pictures. The farmhouse, the well, the cliffs, the downs, the church, the woods, the fields, the seaweed gatherers, that elm-tree gnawed by the winds, the sowing and reaping, gleaning and grafting, hoeing and pig-killing, the shepherds and shepherdesses, goose-girls, wool-carders, linen-washers, mothers and fathers and children—all this and much more are lovingly and eloquently expressed by the peasant of genius.

From his earliest years Millet had an invincible desire for expression, and Nature had given him the medium by which he was to express himself. When not much more than a boy his drawings astonished not only his naturally admiring family, but also his masters.

So we see our hero, endowed with brains alike powerful and refined, an indomitable Norman will, a robust body, inured to the hardest field-toil, hands big and muscular, yet able to handle a brush with the utmost delicacy. Great power, great carefulness, were among the master's distinguishing marks. Adequacy was embodied in him, and he loved it in every human being. Every sportsman knows the joy of moving, working easily within his strength. Millet had a passion for such adequate, careful, deliberate work; it is represented in all his productions. The movements, also the repose, of his peasants, wood-hewers, faggot-gatherers, gleaners, hoe-ers, whatever they may be engaged in, reveal this passion of his. He flung nothing on to the canvas without due pondering. "Festina lente" was a favourite motto. So that actually a reputation grew for him of rapidity of execution, whereas, even as in the case of Horace Vernet, pre-eminently famous therefor, the apparent swiftness was simply owing to his not being obliged to waste time by deletion of what had already been set down in oil or charcoal or chalk. And, in his way of thinking, everything in Nature is a fit subject for artistic expression—provided the aim is sufficiently high.

REVIEWS

COMPULSORY MEDICAL INSPECTION

Medical Examination of Schools and Scholars. Edited by T. N. Kelynack, M.D. (P. S. King and Son, 1910. 10s. 6d. net.)

In his "Evolution of Marriage and of the Family" M. Letourneau writes that "so few families can give or know how to give a healthy, physical, moral, and intellectual education to the child, that in this domain large encroachments of the State, whether small or great, are probable, even desirable. There is, in fact, a great social interest before which the pretended rights of families must be effaced." The book before us, however useful in certain of its theses, is on the whole based on M. Letourneau's doubtful premise, as we believe. The course of history has seen nations, in which the rights of families have been rigidly upheld, rise to greatness and power, not only as conquerors and in resistance to invasion, but also in the domains of art, literature, science, and invention. But the State is now set up as a fetish, first to be worshipped, and then, as a reward to its devotees, to destroy family life. It is forgotten or ignored that so far from the law creating family life, and by consequence having the power to destroy it, it is family life which has gradually developed the State, with its complicated legal system, for the protection of the family. The recent notorious Archer-Shee case was a remarkable object-lesson of a struggle between the family and the State, in which the family won by an appeal to simple elementary law. The development of modern Socialism would doubtless lead to many such struggles, and progressive interference with family rights might culminate in reactionary revolution.

Compulsory medical examination of children attending the State schools is, to a certain extent, an interference with the rights of the parents. But so also is compulsory instruction: hence we are compelled to admit that the general recognition of the latter gives some ground for the imposition of the former. Medical inspection, however, is a more personal interference. It may be carried out, too, in an improper manner, and become very offensive both to children and parents, especially if the work is done by female inspectors, who often lack judgment, and more particularly are nearly always deficient in the golden virtue of reasonable reticence. What is to be said of a case like the following? A County Council female inspector comes to a village school, and finds that certain of the girls are suffering from very slight incipient pediculosis. She and the head mistress talk openly before the school of these "dirty girls," who are thus publicly branded and made thoroughly miserable. As a matter of fact, several of the girls in question come from clean homes and have careful mothers, and the affection is obviously accidental. Naturally the resentment of the parents is aroused, especially when it transpires later that the treatment of these girls in school is somewhat biassed by the teachers' self-righteous, cleanly indignation. We contend that school medical inspection should be conducted without any remarks whatever to the children, or in their presence, as to the nature of illness or disease, and that a private letter (in no case a verbal message, which in the country at once becomes the property of the whole village community) should be sent to the children's parents. We fear that such a reticent method of inspection is too great a counsel of perfection to women inspectors, especially when they work in conjunction with gossiping school-mistresses. In the interests of the State and of the children, it is better to employ men. And since the administrative provisions of the Education Act adopted in 1907 have made compulsory the system of medical examination in public elementary schools, it is most important that the inspection should be conducted with as little friction as possible, and with some regard to common sense.

Dr. Kelynack claims, not without reason, that this "volume is unique in that it presents the experience and views, in as concise (there are 420 pp.) and convenient a form as could be arranged, of no less than thirty-six different contributors." In a book of reference this multitude of counsellors may be useful, and even safety may be found, of a negative, as well as of a positive, nature. But the book exceeds its own aim of being a practical guide for the ordinary medical school officer. For example, no fewer than eleven chapters are given to the consideration of the medical examination of schools in

foreign countries, very interesting for comparison, seeing that this inspection is still in the experimental stage, but rather outside the limits of a practical handbook. There is, however, a mass of useful information. The most important sections relate to the eyes and eyesight of school children, dental conditions, and diseases of the ears, nose, and throat. The percentage of children suffering from defects of vision rises as high as 21 in some districts in England. The great value of early attention given to the eyes may readily be recognised when we learn that over 40 per cent. of all cases of blindness have been estimated by experts as preventable. So also is much of the defective vision which disqualifies men for posts in Government services, or on the railways, and in other important branches of industry. Mr. George Foggin, in his excellent essay on children's eyesight, concludes:—

> "Of all points, the prevention of early blindness is the one he would like most to emphasise as being a work especially capable of being propagated through the agency of the elementary schools of the country, and one bearing in its train the inestimable blessing of protection against the curse of blindness falling upon the innocent and helpless of our race."

Another writer, Mr. Arthur H. Cheatle, says that "diseases of the ear, nose, and throat in childhood cause deafness and ill-health, interfere with mental and bodily growth, and are responsible for some loss of life." As to "Dental Conditions," we are not in the least surprised to learn that various tabulated reports show that "more than 90 per cent. of all our school-children have carious teeth to a greater or less degree." It would be difficult to over-emphasise the seriousness of this statement. More serious still is the hopelessness of the situation. Dr. George Cunningham has practically no real remedy to offer. The Cambridge Dental Institute found its chief difficulty "in persuading parents to send their children for dental treatment, although it was absolutely gratuitous." If this be so, what can be done in the case of thousands of country village schools, miles from a qualified dentist? Who is to bear the expense?

But the real cause of half the trouble is to be found in the homes, where cleansing the teeth is an unknown custom. Dr. Cunningham admits, of thousands of children examined, that "*none* of the children, with very few exceptions, were found to use a tooth-brush," but he suggests no remedy for this conspicuous neglect. For, indeed, there is none, short of a revolution in the national dirty habits. We might also ask of the children's parents—or even of their teachers—how many clean their teeth after every meal, as do the Nubians, who are said to have the finest teeth of any race, and not to require dentists. Even among the wealthier classes few parental tasks are more difficult than the insistence on children cleansing the teeth every day. One feature is especially to be noted about Dr. Kelynack's book: nearly all the contributors write from the point of view of town and city schools. Practically little notice is taken of the absolutely different conditions and difficulties of administration in the case of country schools. It is all very well to write special articles on school clinics, school nurses, baths, gymnasia and the like—for town schools. It is remarkable that not even one essay is written solely from the rural aspect, to which none of these details can possibly apply. But we live in an age of enthusiastic experimentalism, and can only hope that a succeeding generation may settle down to the sober heritage of a judicial and practical common sense. Divested of red tape, and apart from the fearsome mania for over-organisation, there is much that is valuable in this book. In particular, all the thirty-six contributors give quite extensive bibliographies, each one for his own particular subject. Although the enormous number of books cited would form a library beyond the reach of an ordinary school doctor's purse, still these bibliographies add considerably to the use of this book as an important work of reference.

Two general conclusions may be drawn on the whole question. The first is, that since the State instructs children free, the State has a right to some degree of medical supervision. In accepting free education, the parents surrendered some of their rights. The other is, that if the State makes medical inspection compulsory, no one can be surprised if the parents eventually demand that the State shall pay for the consequent necessary medical treatment.

THE CREATOR OF THE PASTORAL IDYLL

Theocritus in English Literature. By R. T. Kerlin, A.M., Ph.D. (J. P. Bell Company, Lynchburg, Virginia. $1.50c.)

The game of "Influences" is one which will always be played with enthusiasm while there are two books and a critic left on the face of the earth, and it is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating literary diversions obtainable. Amateur poets startle their friends into attitudes of breathless admiration by sudden harmless essays before local "mutual improvement" societies, in which they discourse learnedly on the "influence" of Herrick upon Keats, of Keats upon Wordsworth, of Wordsworth upon Browning; amateur writers send immaculate but dreary articles to every review in London on similar themes, as editors well know. Not many, fortunately, attain the felicity of print, but they write on manfully, undeterred by the recurrent long envelope in their letter-boxes.

The game, of course, has to be played properly and in earnest if it is to be of any use—for we are far from asserting that there is no profit in the study of an author's work from this point of view. Where would half our literature be had Shakespeare never lived? and who can say what we owe to Shelley, to Addison, to Swift, to the Elizabethans? Or, to go farther afield, the immense influence of foreign literature on many of our English authors is evident. Take the spell of the Grecian poets, of Victor Hugo from Swinburne's pages, and how stricken into silence would the master of music become. Therefore, when we note a sincere inquirer at the task of tracing his chosen author through the labyrinth of centuries by the clues of imitative phrase, calculated paraphrase, or casual allusion, we are bound to extend to him a welcoming hand.

Mr. Kerlin has taken the work of one sweet singer, the pastoral Theocritus, and compiled an engaging collection of examples which betray knowledge of it, allusions to it, or imitations of it, from the writings of more authors than we can name. He has plenty of evidence, and there is some ground for the danger to which he adverts of "imitations of an imitation"—Theocritus at third hand—when we find Dryden writing (in the Dedication of Virgil's Pastorals) that "Spenser, being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus." "After all," he adds, "I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it which the Roman language cannot imitate." Dr. Richard Garnett termed Michael Drayton "the English Theocritus"; and various critics have in part prepared the way for Mr. Kerlin by their admissions. The Elizabethan poets and dramatists—to whom the "pastoral play" was so dear—owed much to the alien singer of Sicily; and as we owe so much to them, the reasonableness of a deduction as to the spiritual presence of the Greek idylls in our modern literature is obvious. The quest becomes more directly interesting, however, when we are brought face to face with actual first-hand evidence, such as the fact that Burns, Bowles, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and many other authors whose names are perfectly familiar to us and who do not seem so very distant from our own times, were well acquainted with the

ancient eclogues. Leigh Hunt's reference to them may be quoted—as much for the sake of the charming style of the passage as for its value in the argument:—

> Let me take this opportunity of saying that with all the praise occasionally bestowed upon the serious powers of Theocritus, and his indications of a genius for epic poetry, I am not aware that justice has been done to the wonderful evidences he has given of a combination of faculties for the light and the passionate, the social and the sequestered, the humorous and the pathetic, the minute and the grand. This delightful poet courts a milk-maid or a sea-nymph with equal fitness of address; is a countryman and a townsman; a clown, a courtier, and a satirist; fills a house at midnight with ghastly phenomena; describes a piece of pugilism in a style to make the bones of the fancy crack under them; and makes us at once shudder and pity the great monster Polyphemus, whom he reconciles to humility by subduing with love. Then there is his Hylas, disappearing under the water like a falling star; and his lion at noonday, with all the villagers indoors around him, and his infant Hercules, the little jovial potency, the true infant demigod, tearless and sovereign. . . . . If Theocritus had written an epic, the world would have had a poet unknown to it, a romance-writer equally great for abundance and concentration, a Greek Ariosto.

There is a pretty "Ballade of Dead Poets," by Clinton Scollard, which the author mentions but does not quote, betraying the light of olden days illuminating the most modern American school of verse:—

> Theocritus, who bore
> The lyre where sleek herds graze
> On the Sicilian shore,
> (There yet the shepherd strays)—
> And Horace, crowned with bays,
> Who dwelt by Tiber's flow,
> Sleep through the silent days—
> For God will have it so.

Indeed, Mr. Kerlin has a section devoted to "Theocritus in America"—a conjunction of names which sounds distinctly curious. In some instances the author strains a point by introducing parallelisms and resemblances, instead of definite imitations, but we need not urge the fault ungraciously; he has a precise end in view, and has been notably impartial and careful in most of his selections. His summary and conclusion bear witness to the amount of research he has undertaken in preparing this volume, and although it is essentially a book for the critic and the student, it embodies a great deal of matter that is of high interest to the rank-and-file lovers of literature, who do not aspire to become generals in the academic army.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Turning Point in the Indian Mutiny. By J. Giberne Sieveking. (David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.)

We are distinctly disappointed with this book. It deals with a period of surpassing interest which we believed it would be almost impossible to treat in a dull manner. Mr. Sieveking has dispelled our illusion. He had a mass of interesting material before him, but it is wretchedly handled. Mr. Sieveking's method is exasperating. It is confused, tautologous, slipshod. His narrative, if it can be called a narrative, is thrown together anyhow. When you fondly believe you have finished with a hard intellectual task, Mr. Sieveking promptly applies the corrective rod, and takes you back over the weary track. Life, especially literary life, would be insupportable if there were many authors who cannot edit valuable material otherwise than in Mr. Sieveking's method. The book deals mainly with the defence of the station at Arrah by Mr. Herwald Wake, and its eventual relief by Sir Vincent Eyre. Nothing very complicated in that. Mr. Sieveking, who is a hero-worshipper or nothing, seeks to represent this solitary instance of the devotion and heroism of British soldiers and officials into the essential pivot of the failure of the mutiny. It is very absurd. We know that certain people—Sir James Outram, amongst others—used exaggerated language of this kind. These people are, it is true, partially right. The defeat of the mutineers was due not to one, but to hundreds of acts of heroism and devotion similar to the defence of Arrah. Splendid the defence and relief were, and deserving of affectionate remembrance, but the too frequent use of the microscope is not the part of an author who is dealing with volcanic events. There are some extremely interesting letters, especially from John Nicholson—how can anything be uninteresting which emanated from a very Paladin amongst men! There are also interesting letters from Herwald Wake and Charles Nicholson. The book will be appreciated, and will live on account of the original documents in it. We are thankful to Mr. Sieveking for his research, but we do not admire his literary method.

The Elements of English Versification. By J. W. Bright, Ph.D., Litt.D., and R. D. Miller, Ph.D. (Ginn and Co. 4s.)

If it were possible to construct poetry by rule, then every person who reads and inwardly digests the contents of this little text-book of versification should be able, after a moderate amount of practice, to turn out odes, sonnets, ballades, and rondeaux with the utmost facility and precision. The authors have produced a neat and clearly written treatise, small enough for the pocket, yet so skilfully condensed and arranged that brevity seems an added virtue. Part I., devoted to the verse and its many variations, contains explicit descriptions and instances of the different measures, sections on onomatopœia, alliteration, assonance, and a number of other allied subjects. In Part II., which deals with the grouping of verses into couplets, stanzas, and complete poems of definite structure, is embodied a capital technical discussion of the sonnet, and a handy concluding chapter on the exotic forms of poetry which reached us from France. An excellent selection of examples is given, although we think it rather a pity to quote Mr. Arthur Symons' "Roundel of Rest," beautiful though it be; the word "tired" used as a disyllable twice in one line ("For tired hands and tired feet") seems to us a flaw in technique. A paragraph might also have been given to the *rondeau redoublé*, instancing that exquisite poem of John Payne, "My day and night are in my lady's hand." Space, however, was limited, and the omission is not important.

It is pleasant to find that the purity of the English tongue has such defenders in the American universities as Professors Bright and Miller; we can heartily commend their little volume to all who are interested in the actual art of poesy. The authors themselves would be the first to admit that no amount of technical equipment can take the place of ideas or inspiration; but that there is need for some guide to the "feet" of those who wander among the lower slopes of Parnassus the number of booklets of so-called "poetry" constantly published amply proves.

The Statesman's Year-Book, 1910. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

In the volume before us we have the forty-seventh edition of a very useful book of reference. The present work contains many additions to the one issued in 1909, notable amongst which is a map showing the development of the

Congo and the areas to be opened up in the next three years. Information respecting this district is especially interesting, in view of the prominence given to the country during recent years. Further on we have a very concise illustration of the New Federal District and capital of the Australian Commonwealth. Many important changes have, of course, occurred in different parts of the world consequent upon the death of His Majesty King Edward VII., and the Union of South Africa has also caused several alterations to be made. These are all duly recorded in the pages describing the different countries affected. We are also informed in the preface that "the section on China has been considerably improved." On turning to the chapters devoted to this exclusive Eastern nation, we find details of the results of edicts issued to Local Government Boards which were not contained in the 1909 edition. And under the heading of "Instruction" particulars are given of the number of foreign and Chinese professors at the colleges of Tientsin, Chefu, and other important towns where education is being extended. Considering the amount of information contained within its 1,404 pages, we do not think that anyone can reasonably complain that too much space has been taken up, or that the book is unwieldy or bulky in form. We think that "The Statesman's Year-Book" should be in the hands of every politician and historian, and everyone who is interested in international politics should not fail to obtain a copy of this instructive and helpful work.

FICTION

Jehanne of the Golden Lips. By Frances G. Knowles-Foster. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

To those who prefer "the twopence coloured" picture to the "penny plain," this highly coloured and melodramatic book may be recommended. It is an historical novel of the year 1345, and of the Court of Joan—or as our author prefers to call her, Jehanne—of Naples, the friend of Boccaccio, who always defended her memory. Queen Jehanne is, we are told, "one of those rare spirits of which the world sees but two in a century," and "a splendid person from the showers of her red-gold hair to her restless little feet. . . ." She has the fatal attraction of Mary Queen of Scots, her husband, Andrea of Hungary, may stand for Darnley, while Amaury of Saxony attempts to play Bothwell to Jehanne's Mary. The detestable Andrea is hanged by the Queen's friends, but the heart of Jehanne is mortgaged to her cousin, Louis, and the Count of Savoy is but a Bothwell *manqué*. The author leans to mercy's side, and assumes that Jehanne was not privy to her husband's murder. The style of the book is that of the traditional melodrama, and we hear a good deal of "red delirium," and "kisses that burn and scorch," and "passions like the fires of Vesuvius."

The Herdsman. By Algernon Gissing. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

John Pitloh, the hero of this quaint and well-written pastoral love story, is a man who combines pure simplicity with deep knowledge. He is, at one and the same time, a humble shepherd and a great philosopher. There is, in fact, a classical atmosphere surrounding him. Life to him is a sacred trust, and not merely a natural longing, and his history constitutes an exceptional and interesting case of human characterisation. For, in spite of the wisdom of the man, his natural simplicity causes him to contract a most unsuitable marriage. This appears more extraordinary because the partner to whom his wisdom leads him is rejected. Fate, however, is not so cruel and heartless about mistakes as most people imagine, since out of the turmoil and suffering occasioned by such blindness Mr. Gissing brings us, evenly if slowly, to a final stage of broad and peaceful harmony.

The Matrimonial Country. By F. C. Philips. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

"The Matrimonial Country" is a collection of very short and slight stories, *autour du mariage*. They have brevity to recommend them, and a certain neatness; but have very little real invention. The "society sketches" are lightly written, but conventional; commonplace in essence, though not without, however, a capable workmanship. Mr. Philips's stories suggest the illustrated sixpenny magazines. His style is not happy. One young man "puffs matutinal cigarettes"; another young man, in love, writes: "Primarily I sought with a feverish eagerness for some indication that my feeling was reciprocated; and then, anomalously, I was disturbed because I perceived all too plainly that it was." A third young man, who has been jilted, cries: "May Heaven forgive you, Miss Denison, for I never will."

Prester John. By John Buchan. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

It is a far cry from Prester, or Presbyter John, who was supposed to be a powerful Christian Emperor in Asia about the middle of the twelfth century, to a modern Zulu romance, but it is sufficient to found a striking tale under the above title. A word about Prester John before we go to the book. Marco Polo identifies him with Nuk-Khan, who was head of a Nestorian church which gained great power over the peoples of Asia, and from there the legend shifted to the black people of Absascia, in Ethiopia, as a great nation subject to a Christian monarch. The story deals with a Zulu uprising under the leadership of one Laputa, a Christian minister who, with the aid of a mysterious hoard of jewels and gold stored in a cave, essayed to start a kingdom of his own. The hero is David Crawfurd, son of a Scottish minister, who went out on the death of his father to make his fortune in South Africa. How he fared, buoyed up by a strong faith in himself and Calvinistic principles, and returned home after marvellous adventures and hairbreadth escapes, scarcely eighteen months later, with a large fortune, will be best gathered from the book itself. The story will please lovers of adventure, and is quite up-to-date, notwithstanding the mediæval antiquity of its title. There is a map for the reader to refer to.

THE THEATRE

So far as we, at any rate, are concerned, the eternal question which we shall ask ourselves without any hope of an answer is how Mr. Hall Caine's play ever came to be produced in London or in any other town except Douglas, in the Isle of Man. We did not see the play, as it is called, when it was produced at His Majesty's Theatre as "The Eternal City." We missed an evening that must have had many unconsciously comic moments. We were present, however, at the first performance of "The Eternal Question" on Saturday last at the Garrick Theatre, and laughed inordinately when we were not offended by the bad taste, bored by the amazing banality, and choked by the inordinate verbosity of this unique entertainment. We do not remember to have seen anything so vulgar or so foolish or so pretentious since "The Sign of the Cross." In "The Eternal Question" Mr. Hall Caine is found at his worst. His dialogue is made up wholly of the stereotyped phrases which are the stock in trade of those persons who supply halfpenny papers with their transpontine feuilletons. Phrases such as "Unhand me, villain," abound. There is not one single situation in the entire piece which has not been dealt with before by a large army

of fifth-rate writers. It is a piece which contains more quotations than "Hamlet." The moon is silver, the waltz mazy, the night still, the sin black, the joy golden, and so on and so forth. And not only were we too horribly familiar with everything that was said, but we have had the misfortune to see before everything that was done. The bad man who hissed and cocked a black-rimmed eyeglass, the foolish heroine, the hero who, at the very moment when he had pursuaded us that his presence was vitally necessary in some place a few miles away, draws a chair into the limelight and gives the audience a full and detailed account of his life and inmost thoughts, were old enemies. At moments—the old familiar moments—of great artificial and unmoving emction the same distant clock chimed the hour, the same church choir sang the same hymn, quite irrespective of time and place, and the same mob murmured and groaned. The same child said the same things at the same moment, and the same heroine, utterly unheroic, gibbered and tore curtains, and broke busts, and cried "Addio!" and used the telephone, and thrust back her hair, and drew herself to her full height, and flung her eyes across the room, and sobbed as though her heart would break with the same dry eyes, and, finally crying out the same inconceivably silly things, moved out and away to death, instantly to be brought back again by the talented author to bow and to be bowed to, amid the tremendous applause of the attendants at the back of the pit. The same long and ready arm of coincidence stretched out from behind the scenery and clutched the characters.

The piece was full of great dramatic surprises, which the audience saw coming from the very beginning. To the most unsophisticated playgoer all Hall Caine's great dramatic surprises were stale; the characters had no character. They were lay figures put upon the stage, not in order to carry on a story, but as mouthpieces for Mr. Hall Caine's unillumined ideas on questions which have long ago been solved. Baron Bonelli, Prime Minister of Italy, might just as well have been labelled Count Zaramowski, Prime Minister of Russia. The personality of the actor made us think that he should have been called the Hon. Vernon Deadeye, or Major Algernon Blackheart, or even Lord Vivian Trustnot, because he had passed through an untold number of bad melodramas and melodramatic books, and the pages of halfpenny newspapers. All the other characters were labelled. The effrontery of putting such work on the London stage commanded admiration. The solemnity, the reverence, the quiet pomposity with which the whole thing was dished up, at first nauseated and then amused. Mr. Hall Caine, luckily for himself, has no humour. He takes himself very seriously, and, with an almost childlike belief in himself, has very willingly come to the conclusion that he is a great genius, and that however trivial and commonplace his mediums may be, the message he sends forth into the world is inspired. There is something very touching in all this, and a little painful too, and not a little sad. It is like being asked to listen to the compositions of a person who thinks that he is a great composer, and to find that his rhapsodies are nothing but old comic songs with variations, and that there is not one original bar in all his work. We understood from the mass of advertisements which preceded the production of the piece that Mr. Hall Caine had epoch-making things to say about Socialism and divorce. It is true that Mr. Caine stopped the familiar action of his familiar piece with a persistence that was almost heroic and altogether unnecessary in order that one or other of his lay figures might deliver several thousand words for or against Socialism or divorce. The place chosen for their delivery was obviously wrong. Such words are only to be said in Hyde Park by street-corner orators who have, as a matter of fact, frequently said the very things which Mr. Hall Caine genuinely believes are his original thoughts. Out of all this mass of reiterated verbosity, which owed its birth to the half-educated classes who suffer from the form of ego-mania which carries them to tubs and rostrums, and leads them into writings which are found in the *New Age*, the *Nation*, and the *Daily News*, we gathered that Mr. Hall Caine knew very little about Socialism and nothing about divorce. He talked of love with the same sort of unpleasant relish as the typical village boy talks of stolen apples, and his views on sin were unchristian, illogical, and extremely foolish. With every desire to be as kind as possible, we are obliged to confess that "The Eternal Question" should have had no production outside Greeba Castle. It is obviously a work for a man's family. Like the collection of poems of the rhyming stockbroker which are published by himself for private circulation, "The Eternal Question" should have been played by the author's family to celebrate a birthday, and servants only should have been admitted. It has no value whatever. It is not literature, it is not drama, it is not an entertainment, it is not sound argument—it is nothing but a re-hash of utterly commonplace, utterly provincial rubbish. It will be remembered only for its unconsciously comic moments, and one scene conceived and carried out with unconscious offensiveness which make it almost memorable and quite unique. We refer to Scene 2 of Act 3—the Pope's garden at the Vatican—in which Mr. Hall Caine draws for the first time on his imagination and presents a comic garden, a comic Pope, a comic Capucin friar, comic prelates and pontifical guards, and makes the Pope a person with an illegitimate son, who is none other than the unheroic hero. The courage that was required to write such a scene deserves, we suppose, a sort of commendation. We know no other writer living who, having written it and having seen it in rehearsal, could have permitted it to remain in the piece to be seen by a civilised audience.

We see on the programme—it is a very comic programme, which informs an uninterested public that the lessees and managers of the theatre are Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Mr. Herbert Sleath—that the season is under the management of Messrs. Wentworth Croke, Milton Bode, and Edward Compton, that the entire production is under the management of G. Ralph Hall Caine, and that the angry cries of the mob "without" are supplied by the Gramophone Company—that "The Eternal Question" is Limited, and this is the only thing that gave us any comfort.

The acting was on a level with the play. It was provincial. Miss Tittell-Brune, who appeared as Donna Roma Volonna, was exactly right in the part. She gasped and gurgled and drew herself to her full height, and grovelled and clutched knees, and smiled through her tears in the best Surrey Theatre manner. Mr. Guy Standing was equally well chosen. He was the typical bad man, as depicted by the artists whose work appears in the chief magazines, line for line. He hissed and twisted his lips and snapped his fingers and cocked his eye-glass, and went through all the well-known tricks with rare enthusiasm. His death was the most comical of all the comic effects. Dressed in what appeared to be a Bullingdon supper coat, he shot himself through the foot and apparently might appropriately have died at once, falling expertly in a picturesque attitude across the daïs in the studio, but he continued until the curtain fell to breathe stertorously. Mr. Vernon Steel, as the Socialist member of the Chamber of Deputies, could not have been bettered. He delivered the stereotyped phrases of the Hyde Park orator with relish, and turned a blind eye to the things which everyone else saw at a glance as though he had served a long apprenticeship in tenth-rate melodramas.

The music, specially composed by Pietro Mascagni, was wonderfully appropriate. Mr. Hall Caine, at the end of Scene 1, Act 4, came on to the stage and brought forward Donna Roma, and made several subsequent appearances, all of them equally surprising. The piece was received with much enthusiasm by the attendants and some laughter from those of the audience who remained to the bitter end. "The Eternal Question" will undoubtedly prove greatly to the satisfaction of those people who devour the newspaper articles on the Crippen case. The English stage receives a severe blow by the production of this foolish piece of work.

Mr. W. L. Courtney's one-act play, produced on Monday last at the Palace Theatre, called "The Woman's Revolt," came as a surprise to us. We found it difficult to believe that a thing so commonplace, so unoriginal, and so completely devoid of any literary sense could emanate from the pen of a man who has devoted so great a portion of his life to criticising other people's plays and books. If we had seen attached to it the name of a beginner we should have been none the less bored, and dismissed it with a line of reprobation and one or two lines of encouragement. As it is, we can only think that this is something which was written by Mr. W. L. Courtney in his salad days. It was apparently produced in order to provide Miss Ada Webster with a part in which she might show if she possessed any emotional powers. Unfortunately, Miss Webster proved beyond all doubt that she does not possess such powers. She seemed to be unable to throw off the conviction that the woman she was portraying was merely a creature of the theatrical stock-pot. Mr. Walter Pearce was undistinguished, and Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm fair to middling.

A FAMOUS RENDEZVOUS

How soon are man's creations forgotten! The famous promenaders who once frequented the Brighton Chain Pier are dwindling fast, and yet less than sixteen years have elapsed since it ceased to be one of the landmarks of the Queen of Watering-places. A short obituary notice of a structure which played its part in the literary history of the nineteenth century may be admissible. The pier was a link binding together the literary genius of Great Britain for over seventy years. One such link is of interest to playgoers to-day. Miss Ellen Terry's parents were the custodians of its fourth island platform. There they dispensed a far-famed brand of cherry brandy and paid no licence for so doing until 1872, as the site of the pier was considered "the high seas." Another touch of colour concerning their occupation of this coign of vantage is the fact that they introduced a colony of pigeons, two of which frequented the ruined pilework, after the destruction of the pier, until they became convinced that their old habitat was no longer tenable. In 1821 the Brighthelmston Suspension Pier Company came into being, and in 1823 the pier was opened for the use of the public. In October, 1896, the structure was mortally injured by a storm of historic severity. While the town authorities were debating as to the course they should pursue, in December of the same year came another storm and carried everything away save the stumps of the piles. A lawsuit followed, between the Corporation and the West Pier Company, in respect of the damage done by wreckage. The case was tried by the late Lord Brampton, then Mr. Justice Hawkins. The judge, a well-known figure in Brighton, was, of course, judicially ignorant of the locality. One expected to hear him ask, "Brighton? Where is Brighton?" There was the usual badinage between judge and counsel, but everyone felt a little sad that a fallen relic, for which so many had a warm corner in their hearts, should be pelted with jests. Previous to its dissolution the pier had been in an infirm condition, and in 1891 the Marine Palace and Pier Company acquired the rights of the original undertaking for the sum of £15,000. This latter concession is thus at once executor and heir of the older structure.

The prime object of the pier was to afford a starting-point for the traffic across Channel. In 1831 there were about a dozen sailing packets engaged in transporting passengers from Brighton to Dieppe for Continental travel. Their carriages and effects had, previous to the construction of the pier, been dragged from the beach aboard punts or rafts. Passengers embarked and disembarked from a groyne opposite Ship Street. Coal brigs and other craft were run ashore, on foreshore now lying beneath the King's Road, opposite the old Ship Hotel, and their contents were thence carted into the town. Brighton then had a sea-front 200 yards long, and even this was incommoded by a capstan for hauling up oversea craft. No seaside road of any sort existed. A road to Shoreham was opened in 1823, but in the years immediately before the advent of the railway fifty coaches a day ran to Brighton, so that the town was fast outgrowing its swaddling bands. In 1820 Captain Thomas, R.N., published "A Plan for a Pier at Brighton, to be sheltered by a Breakwater." His plan appears to have been followed, so far as determining the site of the Chain Pier, which was then mooted, was concerned. The designer of the Chain Pier was Captain Samuel Brown, R.N., who had recently carried out the Trinity Pier at Leith. His statue ought to find a niche in Brighton. The town should remember its old benefactor. The promoters "figured" on a profit of 25 per cent., their estimate including 2s. per head on 2,500 oversea passengers who were expected to be carried by the steam packets. Owing to the remonstrance of the longshore hands, who shipped and unshipped sea-borne goods from the beach, and who urged that boats would surely overshoot the landing-place in Pool Valley and foul the pier, an approach road and sea-wall 400 yards long were built on the west side of the pier, thus giving a clearance of a quarter of a mile for boats running inshore. The width of the Marine Parade was 70ft., and that of the new roadway 30ft., so that the beach line lay, at that day, 100ft. away from the houses.

Sailing packets making the trip across Channel were gradually superseded by steam packets. These latter took about ten hours to cross to Dieppe, and announced their arrival off their destination by the firing of cannon, a custom reminding one of the play of "Othello." The old order yielded with a bad grace. The new craft were execrated by the longshoremen under the name of "Bass's Soapboxes." The irony of the epithet has now evaporated, as "poor malice" has the knack of doing. The "Nautilus," commanded by Captain Wingfield, was the last of the steam packets to ply from Brighton. The cross-Channel service thence did not flourish. The old captain's nickname was "Hard Times," and he had to come down to keeping a stall in the market, after his sea-going days were over.

On the first anniversary of the opening of the pier a storm of terrific violence occurred. Those whose business it is to build works into the sea on this coast do not need the luridly graphic record of a contemporary print to imagine the scene. The pier passed unscathed through its wild baptism, and then followed its palmiest days as a resort of fashion. The towers became the rendezvous of society gossipers, the smart set of their day. Fireworks, sea-baths, and the thousand and one contrivances for filling up the day of the idler came into vogue. In 1824 gas-lighting was introduced, and the town began to flourish in all directions. Brighton then was fashionable London-on-Sea, and promenading the pier became a cult among society loungers, who, as Fanny Burney wrote, "live upon it, for the pleasure of viewing all day long who walked with who." Projects of many kinds for breakwater works were in the air. Old prints of one of these—that of Mr. W. H. Smith—may occasionally be met with. In the light of modern experience it is easy to criticise this project, which its author fondly declared could be carried out in three months. It probably would not have lasted so long. An attempt was made at laying down a floating screen of timber, behind which shipping could lie. It was partially successful for a time, but, being moored too near in-shore, eventually bumped the sea-bottom and broke up. In 1833 two of the pier gangways were carried away during a severe storm. The real cause of the disaster appears to have been lightning. In 1836 a storm of historic violence caused the third platform to be shifted bodily on its foundations, and the suspension chains were thus broken. After each casualty the town rallied to the assistance of its favourite, subscriptions flowed in, and the damaged pier was restored. In the transition period between

coach and railway travel Brighton passed through an unexampled depression of fortune. This was about the date of the accession of Queen Victoria, and her Majesty, a few months after that event, made a state procession through the town and spent much time on the pier. Again, in 1843, on the occasion of the state visit of the Prince de Joinville, her Majesty put off from the pier, met her royal visitor at sea, and they landed together on the pier-head. Five years previously she had knighted the designer of the structure. After its palmy days of royal visit and gala, it is sad to have to relate the closing scenes of the drama. In granting authority for the construction of the Palace Pier in 1891, the Board of Trade stipulated for the simultaneous demolition of the Chain Pier. In 1893 the Corporation authorities decided that it should be closed to the public by reason of its dangerous condition, the piles of the pier-head being 6ft. 9in. out of the perpendicular. In 1896, as already related, the curtain was abruptly rung down by the peremptory order of Lord Chamberlain Neptune. "The old pier is going" sang out an eye-witness on that wild night in December, 1896. The next moment it was "gone." It had braved the battle and the breeze for 73 years.

Much might be written on the literary side of the story. During his first visit to Brighton, on November 3, 1837, Charles Dickens witnessed a heavy gale. He wrote to Forster that he had only seen the Pavilion, the Chain Pier, and the sea, and the last was enough for him. Then followed a series of visits with Macready, Mark Lemon, and the Leech family. John Leech's sketch, "In Distress off a Lee Shore," depicts a charming girl on the Chain Pier. Dickens was staying at the Bedford Hotel when "Bleak House" was on the stocks. "Dombey and Son" is full of Brighton. Mrs. Pipchin's garden, in the chalky soil of which nothing but marigolds and snails flourished, Dr. Blimber's academy, and the somewhat thin tragedy of little Paul are familiar household words. Memories of "the great lexicographer" still haunt Brighton. The discussion between Johnson and the Vicar of Brighton at the public-room of the baths has often been related. Both disputants at length fell with great fury upon the fire, poking it by way of relief to their pent-up feelings, and the Master of the Ceremonies had eventually to restore order, as other visitors were dancing and trying, above the din of battle, to hear the band. Foote's Brighton dinner with Johnson is also historic. "Hullo!" quoth the guest, as the neck of mutton was being carried away, "bring that back. It's a case of neck or nothing, I see." Of Thackeray's delight in Brighton who need recall anything, after Lady Ritchie's evergreen reminiscences in "The Blackstick Papers"? Lovers of Thackeray's novels will remember his references in these to "dear old Dr. Brighton." When he was lodging in East Street he wrote to his mother, "As for dignity, I don't believe it matters a pinch of snuff. Tom Carlyle lives in perfect dignity in a little £40 house at Chelsea, with a snuffy Scotch maid to open the door, and the best company in England ringing at it." In 1847 he says the crowd on the cliff was "perfectly frightful. I met my tailor and his wife. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. 'Snoozer,' I said, 'I will go on the pier.'" Horace Smith's well-known lines have furnished Brighton with her second title:—

"Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering-places,
Boys yet unbreech'd and virgins yet unborn
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces."

Sir Walter Scott wrote, in 1828, "I set out for Brighton this morning in a light coach, which performed the distance in six hours—otherwise the journey was uncomfortable. Three women, the very specimens of womankind—I mean trumpery—a child who was sick, but afterwards looked and smiled, and was the only thing like company." Poor Tom Hood's puns are lightly held nowadays. He concocted many of them at Brighton lodgings. "He keeps his room and calls it roomatism," he wrote. "Besides my warm baths, in hobbling along the beach a great wave gave me an extempore foamentation." One may recall the gossip about Byron and Tom Moore, who, in their palmy days, were birds of passage at Brighton. A milky way of lesser literary constellations has been more or less intimately associated with the town and its old-time pier. The mention of the names of William Black, Richard Jefferies, Samuel Rogers, and H. C. Robinson must suffice.

The pier in its last days was the resort of many famous politicians who could think whilst they traversed its deserted pathways. Baron Brunnow, the celebrated Russian ambassador, who, as his name implied, looked like a bear, but really was the kindest-hearted man imaginable; Count Münster, the well-known German ambassador; Lord Stratheden and Campbell, a man of great reading and ability, who only missed his destiny on account of certain faults of manner. The Earl of Munster, a descendant of William the Fourth, used to parade the pier in the neighbourhood of the Old Steine, so full of memories of the days of the Regency and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Lord Beaconsfield also seldom visited Brighton without making a pilgrimage to the Chain Pier.

A few hours' storm, and the pier is a thing of the past, but its memories redolent of illustrious names will be treasured by many, and will not soon die.

"BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS"

Mr. Bertram Dobell's "Century of Sonnets," which we have been reading this sun-lit afternoon, show him for what he is—a very genuine and ardent book-lover. Most of these sonnets are quite undistinguished; but they clearly do not claim to be anything else. To read them is like browsing through a library, dipping here and there for treasured passages of personal choice, reading nothing through, but fondling, as it were, old-time favourites with fastidious regard. This is the true bookman's spirit, and Mr. Dobell has it. Nearly all his subjects come to him out of books; and reading through these sonnets is to discover his loves and his hates among them. For he has his hatreds, like every healthy man.

But Mr. Dobell's name in literature rests on a securer and better basis than on derivative inspiration of this sort. For was it not he who helped James Thomson (better known by his pen-name of B. V., to distinguish him thus from him of "The Seasons") to "the front"? Poor B. V.! His was a gloomy life and a wild end. Stricken with hereditary melancholia, and starred with misfortune, his was no enviable lot. And his poetry, in consequence, makes difficult reading. We are not going to say that difficult reading is unendurable reading, nor that pessimism has not its poetry. B. V.'s "City of Dreadful Night" disproves the latter. And yet it does not rise to the high order it seeks to achieve. For one thing, there is something too much of sing-song about its metre. Now and then he will give us a fine line—fine, that is to say, not only in its fundamental beauty, but in its cadence. As this:

Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

But nothing gives such sing-song to verse as what might be called the "three-beat" heroic line; and B. V.'s work is full of such lines. Here is a couplet that is set out in this way:

At length I heard a murmur as of lips,
And reached an open oratory hung.

Strewn in now and then they give a certain swiftness to a line, but Thomson's mind moved too much in them.

Some caviller might cite us the opening line of "Paradise Lost" as an instance of this—if we remember rightly Mr. Bridges actually does so in his book on Milton's prosody. But this is to stumble badly, for Milton's prosody is not

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit

but rather

Of man's first disobedience—and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree.

Quite a different thing!

"The City" also has another fault. Mr. Thomson's sense is not compact enough. Not only does he take two or three stanzas to say what might very well occupy one grim and essential line—a grave fault in poetry—but the whole poem is full of contradictions, it is not a coherent whole. For example: The City appears at times to be of the dead; for we read of those who have attempted, and failed, to enter Hades, being doomed to remain in the City for ever; and yet we read of the River of the Suicides! But, apart from this, it rambles; it has no central thought; it is not architectural and constructed into an organic whole.

Among Thomson's other works, his "Philosophy" appears to be statuesque and calm, and full of life withal. Certain of the lyrics out of "Sunday up the River" are charming. We expect to see them extracted some time and set in an anthology, when they will hold their own well. And, as we believe in being armed with examples, we will choose now No. IX., which let the reader get and read. Still, criticism apart, Thomson's work is well worthy the place Mr. Dobell claims for it. It will live; indeed, it *has* lived. It has won its place, and will endure; and literature has to thank Mr. Dobell for this.

In addition to this Mr. Dobell has now unearthed and published Thomson's essay on Walt Whitman, with a workman-like introduction by himself. In this introduction he comes forward with quite a startling seventeenth-century anticipation of the sturdy Walt. He gives several citations more or less remarkable; but one from Traherne's "Serious and Patheticall Contemplation" is quite sufficiently puzzling for any lover of literary coincidences. Were the following line, for example, set down before any Whitmanophile, he would surely set it down without hesitation to Walt.

A lover of company, a delighter in equals.

It has Whitman's cadence, Whitman's manner, Whitman's sentiment (what more Whitmanesque than "a delighter in equals"?), and Whitman's spirit. But it nevertheless was written in the seventeenth century; and, as Traherne was only "unearthed" by Mr. Dobell since Whitman's death, Whitman could not have possibly known of Traherne!

As for Thomson's essay, it is really no one but two essays, written at different times for different magazines. There is very little in either that is not in the other, and therefore the overlapping is a serious drawback. Apart from this, it is on the whole a sterling piece of work. We wish we could speak more emphatically, for, inasmuch as it sets out an admirable and loving picture of the sturdy old democrat, it is a work that demands attention. But, to be frank, at this time of day an article on Walt Whitman claiming to be an essay should be critical. Let it praise as it may, let it be suffused as much as you will with enthusiasm, it should attempt some standard of appraisement. And with a poet whose work is so acute a subject of contention as Walt Whitman's this is not only necessary but vital. Such criticism Thomson does not attempt. Nevertheless it is a keen appreciation and makes excellent reading. Reading it, you cannot fail to love Whitman, and you cannot fail to understand what Lincoln meant when he said of Walt, "Wal, *he* looks like a MAN!"

THE BALALAIKA AS AN INDEX OF THE RUSSIAN TEMPERAMENT

To say that the soul of a people is imaged in their music is the merest commonplace, but it is rare that a national instrument has been evolved which so exactly typifies national characteristics as does the Russian "balalaika." Monsieur Andreeff and his admirable orchestra have introduced the manner of its use to the British public, and, judging from the fact that there are already in London three full-strength balalaika orchestras composed exclusively of English musicians, it is reasonable to suppose that its musical possibilities have been fully appreciated. But, apart altogether from the question of its instrumental significance, it is remarkable in that it exactly interprets certain aspects of the Russian character which are very generally misunderstood by foreigners. Owing no doubt to the comparative isolation enjoyed so long by the Russian Empire, and to the fact that the common language of the inhabitants offered through its difficulty an almost insuperable bar to its general acquirement, only the vaguest conception of the true national spirit drifted into the public mind. Too often the highly coloured accounts of cruelty and outrage which from time to time flood the daily press have accustomed the man in the street to regard the Russian as a monster of almost barbaric inhumanity. Those who are so disposed, and who have the sympathy wherewith to grasp the essential truths which melody can teach, need only listen to the plaintive notes of such music as the "Song of the Boatmen on the Volga" to realise their mistake. Executed on the "balalaika," this simple folk-song tells more of the struggle, the sorrow, and the toil of life than many a page of closely packed history. It supplies the kernel of the Russian temperament, that swift transition from gloom to gaiety which puzzles and perplexes the foreign observer. With its opening notes, it requires no imagination to picture the surroundings of its composition. One sees the broad, mud-coloured river flowing sluggishly along on its journey to the sea. Barges piled high with grain or merchandise float lazily along the stream, and the air is fresh with the faint perfume of the flowers which deck the river's banks. The sun shines down and seems to speak of the joy and gladness of life. Why, then, this plaintive note? Why this touch of suppressed sorrow?

It is the natural concomitant of dwellers in vast distances. Nothing is so awe-inspiring, nothing so suggestive of man's insignificance, nothing so sobering to the spirit, as the spectacle of mile upon mile of open expanse bounded only by the horizon. There is a something which grips the soul and never again leaves it. Travellers who have experienced such great solitudes never forget. They may return to the hurry and rush of the modern world, and even as with laughter they lift the wine to their lips, the remembrance of their experience comes back to them. The Russian has lived in such surroundings during his whole life. Occasionally business may have necessitated his presence in one of the few centres of population within his country, but such visits have been few, and have only served to emphasise the contrast. He has perpetually communed with nature; to him the sun, the rain, the wind rustling through the trees, and the great river itself, are his friends. He trusts them, he knows them, he loves them. During the long winter evenings he has woven strange tales around them, he has invested them with distinct personalities, and he tells of their magic powers to his awe-struck children. Hence the tinge of sadness as he sings. He is no profound philosopher, versed in all the creeds and dogmas of an on-rushing civilisation; and yet maybe he possesses a better comprehension of some of the great truths of existence. Of his fate in life

he never complains; the agitators, drunk with a little knowledge and armed with every specious argument, have found him but barren soil upon which to sow their fallacy of universal liberty. Life is but a little span; at times it is sad, but after all, if God wills and the Czar permits —and he shrugs his shoulders and croons his plaintive melody. Then the scene abruptly changes, the music of a sudden becomes almost madly gay, and behold! around a bend in the river can be seen the domed churches, the tall chimneys, and the busy wharves of Kazan. To-night he will go ashore, and with dance and song will kill the time. What matters it of a to-morrow? Who knows? to-morrow may never dawn! The past is forgotten, the future avoided; only the present matters. He dances with abandon, the vodka fumes rise in waves and dull his brain, he becomes almost as a child.

But the morrow does dawn; he is back on his barge, slipping away from crowded humanity, back into his normal life, back into the solitude and the silence he so well understands. And as he journeys along the reed-grown banks of his beloved Volga he once more sings his favourite melody, and is gradually lost to sight in the quivering waves of rising heat. Imperfectly narrated, that is the story of the "Volga Boatman's" song, and it surely speaks of a better type of humanity than that in which the Russian peasant is usually depicted. It should be mentioned that the "balalaika" is never heard to such great advantage as when it is used to interpret the essential folk-songs of the Russian peasantry. They all possess in a greater or lesser degree the same haunting pathos, coupled with occasional outbursts of apparent revelry, as though the sadness of life must occasionally be overthrown and the cares of the moment be temporarily forgotten. And this curious characteristic of grave and gay permeates every class of society, and in it may probably be found the explanation of that spirit of recklessness which is characteristic of the educated Russian. It is that which accounts for those uncontrolled orgies which have attracted the attention of the foreigner, to the exclusion of any other trait. The balalaika, then, may be viewed as an emblem of the Russian character.

In view of the fact that the political relations between the two countries are becoming more cordial, Monsieur Andreeff can congratulate himself upon having accomplished a very useful work. Half the distrust which is engendered in life arises from ignorance, and if this applies with any force to individuals, it applies even more to nations. For years Russia has, so far as this country is concerned, been under a cloud of misconception and prejudice; the healthy appreciation of its music and folk-songs, as representing the soul of its people, will do much to remove the doubt and distrust which have hitherto hidden the true inwardness of the Russian character.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Among new books shortly to be published it is interesting to see the name of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in connection with two of them. The first is a book of his own, entitled "Rewards and Fairies," to be published by Messrs. Macmillan; the second, a volume of poems, by Mr. A. Vine Hall—"South Africa and Other Poems"—to which Mr. Kipling has written a preface. This latter book is being brought out by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and it is fairly safe to conclude that it has value.

As regards essays in the immediate future, these have been provided by Mr. Austin Dobson in a series of eighteenth-century essays, entitled "Old Kensington Palace and other Papers," published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the versatile and prolific, who gives a batch entitled "On Something," a kindred work to those "On Nothing," "On Everything," and "On Anything." It would seem that Mr. Belloc has exhausted this series, for a book of poems is announced by way of a change, to be published by Messrs. Duckworth. The third writer of essays is Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, whose book bears the name "Hope." This also is being published by Messrs. Duckworth.

The fiction list may be headed suitably by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. Messrs. Macmillan publish his book, entitled "Rest Harrow," early in September. Mr. Warwick Deeping, author of "The Rust of Rome," is announced for another book, the scene of which is laid in Italy in the days of Garibaldi. It is called "The Lame Englishman," and will be brought out by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Miss Alice Perrin, the enchanting writer of modern India, has contributed a novel, entitled "The Charm," to Messrs. Methuen's autumn list. The same firm has also a book by Mr. Bernard Capes about a highwayman. It is called "Jemmy Abercraw." Miss Florence Warden's name appears as the author of "The Beauty of the Family," which will be published by Messrs. F. V. White and Co., who also announces a new novel by the author of "When it was Dark," Mr. Guy Thorne. The book is named "The Race Before Us." Two other forthcoming novels are "The Young Idea," by Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton, under Messrs. Chatto and Windus's name, and "Love's Barrier," by Mrs. Annie S. Swan, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly "Love and Bissaken," by Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell, a member of the literary staff of The Academy.

Other miscellaneous works include Mr. Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy: Later Years," published by Messrs. Constable. Owing to the fact that much of this may not at present be printed in Russia, it is appearing in England first. The accuracy of his views on religion and art which appear in this work is guaranteed by the fact that Tolstoy has himself revised the proofs of the chapters which deal with them. Messrs. Mills and Boon are bringing out a book, entitled "Struggles and Victories of Yvette Guilbert," the charming French actress at present playing in Paris. They also announce a book by Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, entitled "Forty Years of a Sportsman's Life." Another "sporting" work which is shortly to appear is published by Messrs. Duckworth, and is called "Toy Dogs and their Ancestors," written and illustrated by the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton. Early in September the late Mr. Frank Podmore's book, "The Newer Spiritualism," will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The same publisher announces a book, entitled "Spain from Within," by Mr. Rafael Shaw, and which deals with the effect upon the working classes of the religious, political, and social conditions of Spain to-day. "Alice in Wonderland," with illustrations by yet another artist, Mr. Charles Robinson, will shortly be published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Art books include "Notes on the Art of Rembrandt," by Mr. C. J. Holmes, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and two additions to the Popular Library of Art, published by Messrs. Duckworth, the first "Hogarth," by Mr. Edward Garnett, and the second "Blake," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a preface to Mr. A. L. Coburn's new book, which is a companion to his "London," entitled "New York." It is a portfolio of photogravures. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are bringing out a book entitled "From Constable to Commissioner: The Story of Sixty Years, Most of Them Mis-spent," by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, late Commissioner of Police in London. This modest man's work includes some reminiscences of his cousin, R. L. Stevenson. A posthumous work is the book by Mr. Martin G. Kirsch, entitled "Letters and Sketches from Northern Nigeria," of which place he was Assistant Resident. It is published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, with an introduction written by Sir Percy Girouard. There has already just lately appeared a book, reviewed in these columns, on Renaissance architecture—Philibert de l'Orme—and now there are to be published two other architectural works, "A Text Book of Gothic

Architecture," by the Rev. Dr. West, and "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages," by Mr. A. C. Champneys, both being published by Messrs. Bell. The same firm also announces two books on American writers, one entitled "Leading American Essayists," by Mr. W. Norton Payne, including critical biographies of Washington Irving, Emerson, Thoreau, and George W. Curtis; the other a volume by Mr. John Erskine, entitled "Leading American Novelists." Another American book in three volumes is being published by Mr. Frowde for the Yale University Press. This is "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," and is under the editorship of Professor Max Ferrand, of Yale. Another Yale University man, Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, is bringing out a book, entitled "The Founding of the Church."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has a volume containing three of his plays in the press. Messrs. Constable are the publishers, and they are also responsible for Professor Bacon's book. The three plays are "Getting Married," "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet," and "The Doctor's Dilemma." As is customary in these collections of Mr. Shaw's dramatic works, there is to be a long preface, containing discussions on marriage, dramatic censorship, and the medical profession. Mr. Clayton Hamilton also contributes something about the drama. Messrs. Bell are publishing a book of his, entitled "The Theory of the Theatre and other Principles of Dramatic Criticism."

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WHIPPING OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Snell refers to the burning alive of women in England. It was done at one time, but at least 200 years ago our ancestors caused the woman to be strangled before she was burned. Thus in 1726, when Catherine Hayes was burned for the murder of her husband, the fact that she died in the flames was ascribed to a blunder on the part of the executioners, one of whom lighted the faggots too soon, and was universally blamed for so doing. He should have waited till the strangling was complete, as was done in subsequent cases.

Is there any instance of a lady—a woman holding a good position in society—having been whipped in England? Or was the punishment confined to women of the lower classes?

As the question has been raised, perhaps some of your readers can give an account of the exploits of the much-lauded Emperor of Austria as regards the whipping of women during the early part of his reign.—Yours truly, R. D. S.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As I see you are inviting correspondence on this subject your readers may be interested to learn that the castigation of girls and young women is not by any means a practice confined to the ages very properly called "Dark." I myself have had a very extensive experience of such punishment, as my father, a rigid Calvinist, had decided views on the question of the upbringing of girls, and rarely a month passed at home without myself or my sisters being subjected to a vigorous application of the switch. Later we were sent to a school near Edinburgh, where the discipline was almost brutal. For the most trivial offences we were severely caned on the hands or the calves of the legs, whilst for more serious acts we were soundly birched. The birching was, fortunately, carried out in private, so that we were spared the humiliation of an ordeal before the entire school. We were made to divest ourselves of nearly all our garments, and were then mercilessly thrashed on the bare skin, just as naughty boys are whipped at Eton.

Personally, I don't think that my endless whippings did me any good. They merely cowed my nerves into a state from which I have not yet recovered (although I am now over 23), and often at night I live through the agonies of the birch in dreamland. I think that the rod is one of those things which might easily be relegated to the uncivilised ages from which it sprung.—Yours faithfully,

CITY TYPIST.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

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